Psst! There's Another Scenic Route to Sedona

La Posada: Mary Colter's Masterpiece Is Still No. 1

Like Madonna, "Wallace" Goes by One Name Only

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE·EXPLORE·EXPERIENCE

APRIL 2009

BEST RESTAURANTS

25 of our favorite places to grab a bite in Arizona

BY NIKKI BUCHANAN

plus

MEET WILLIAM EASTMAN: SOME SAY HE WAS FULL OF IT

and

FOUR PIONEER WOMEN WHO WEREN'T AFRAID OF THE WILD WEST

KAYAKING LAKE MOHAVE ... IT'S QUIETER THAN JET SKIS

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TALK TO US: In this month's cover story, we feature 25 of the state's best restaurants (see page 14). Of course, this isn't a comprehensive list, and we know there are other great restaurants out there. When you get a chance, tell us about your favorites at editor@arizonahighways.com.

GET MORE ONLINE:

+ If 25 restaurants aren't enough, we have plenty of other options. Just click "Dining" on our homepage.
+ Get details on some of this month's biggest events, including the Copperstate Road Rally, in our "Events Calendar."
+ Check out the finalists in our online photography contest. See "Photo Contest."

Gliding across Lake Mohave's Half Moon Cove, kayakers Jay Holiday and Julie Smith are treated to a luminous Arizona sunset. PHOTOGRAPH BY KERRICK JAMES

FRONT COVER A courtyard filled with desert plants provides alfresco dining at BeDillon's Restaurant in Casa Grande. PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MAACK

BACK COVER Soft sunset light casts a glow over a Superstition Mountains landscape of a lone saguaro cactus surrounded by golden brittlebush. PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK DYKINGA

editor's LETTER

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It's hard to know what Al was thinking. Maybe he wasn't thinking at all. How else do you explain the menu at his turn-of-the-century diner? Instead of a cup of joe, the menu cover at Coffee Al's showed a Native American woman breast-feeding a baby, and the caption above them read: "Hot Meals at All Hours." You'd never get away with that today, but in the early 1900s, a half-naked Native American seemed like a perfectly natural way to sell soup, sandwiches and spareribs.

The menu notwithstanding, Al's was a popular hangout, especially among the local cattle barons. For better or worse, the place is long gone, and today, in a refreshing twist of irony, just a few miles from where Al proclaimed his narrow-mindedness, local Native Americans are making a culinary statement of their own.

From marinated duck breast with Turkish dates to mesquite-grilled venison chops with locally harvested squash, Kai, the Mobil Five-Star Award restaurant on the Gila River Indian Reservation, offers some of the most innovative food in Arizona. According to Nikki Buchanan, the state's most-respected food critic, it's one of the best restaurants anywhere. As she writes in this month's cover story, "Stunning sunset views and striking art are the backdrop for chef de cuisine Jack Strong's astonishing food, a seamless melding of classical technique with indigenous ingredients, many of them grown on the surrounding reservation." Mmmm.

In all, Nikki will tell you about 25 of the best restaurants in Arizona. This is our second-annual "Best Restaurants" issue, and like last year, the places on the list are there for various reasons: charming décor, delicious food, friendly service, gorgeous views or a great counter — there's nothing better than sitting at a counter with someone special. Of course, not every restaurant excels in every category, but they're all worth a visit, including Libby's El Rey Café in Globe (they pour real butter over their corn chips) and Valerie's Sugar Brook Bakery in Lake Havasu City, which features fresh-baked breads, house-made jams and syrups, and an incredible selection of sweets. If you're heading out on Lake Havasu, it's a great place to stock up on sandwiches.

I have no idea what Larry Cheek packed for his recent trip on Lake Mohave, but as he writes in *Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily* ..., he had plenty of room for sandwiches. "A touring kayak will swallow a week's worth of camping gear and real food — no need to endure a backpacker's skinflint rations on an expedition like this." As good as the provisions might have been, Larry wasn't on the lake to eat; he was there for two days of quiet contemplation. In his words, "We were trying to merge in spirit with the desert air and water, to be a seamless part of nature." Imagine *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*, with Larry as Marlin Perkins and photographer Kerrick James in the role of Jim. "We're now going to send Kerrick, accompanied by only a camera, into that menacing nest of great blue herons."

In fact, they did see blue herons and plenty of Mother Nature. Unfortunately, they also encountered pods of Hobie Cats and Mercury outboards. Although the interlopers didn't ruin the trip, they did play a role in the outcome. And that's how it is with any adventure in Arizona; you never know how things will play out, whether you're a writer on assignment or a painter on a mission.

Lillian Wilhelm Smith was among the latter. In addition to her spectacular paintings of the Arizona landscape, she was the only woman to ever illustrate one of Zane Grey's novels. It's a powerful claim to fame, but more importantly, Smith was one of a small group of female artists who journeyed to Arizona from New York and other cities during the first part of the 20th century. Armed with only their paints, palettes and plenty of spunk, these women were intrepid pioneers. As Amy Abrams writes in *Brushes With Greatness*, they were "undaunted by Arizona's harsh climate and reputation for outlaws and Indians."

Although nearly a dozen women settlers ultimately joined the club and helped shape Arizona's early cultural landscape, our story focuses on four of the most prominent. The common denominator is that each of them left behind an impressive legacy. As you'll see, it's better to be remembered for the cover of a Zane Grey novel than a menu at Coffee Al's.

ROBERT STIEVE, *editor*

If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. Now in its fifth season, the show does with audio and video what we do with ink and paper — it showcases the people, places and things of the Grand Canyon State, from the spectacular landscapes and colorful history to the fascinating culture and endless adventure. And that's just the beginning. "For me, the show is about more than just the destinations," Robin says. "It's about the people behind the scenes. It's their stories that make the destinations so interesting." Indeed, there's a reason this show wins so many awards — it's second-to-none, and we're proud to have our name on it. Take a look. For broadcast times, visit our Web site, arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

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PRODUCED IN THE USA

contrib-utors

NIKKI BUCHANAN
Food writer Nikki Buchanan knows a thing or two about "best ofs." In fact, she traveled all over the state for this month's cover story (*Best Restaurants*, page 14). But don't ask her to pick her favorite type of food. "Twenty years ago, I probably would have picked Mexican," she says. "Today, it would probably be Japanese or Italian. But in all cases, I'm speaking of dishes representative of the entire country, not a specific region." And although Buchanan might be unconventional about the way she compiles her notes — she has a habit, she says, of writing important info on the backs of envelopes, menus and other scraps of paper — there is one thing she's adamant about: "I'm impatient with people who are narrow-minded or squeamish about certain types of food. When someone refuses to be open to a particular ingredient or cuisine, I feel like I'm out with a 5-year-old." This is Buchanan's first assignment for *Arizona Highways*.

HOLGER LORENZ
Photographer Holger Lorenz isn't afraid to admit that he's a little bit sick. Sick, that is, with a love of the Southwest. "It's a virus," he says. "I'm infected. I'll never get healthy." It's an illness that stems from "the rock formations, the color, the light, the peace and quiet, everything," he adds, and that's evident in this month's portfolio (*Geologisches Wunderland*, page 26). The shots are the best of the best from Lorenz's book, *Genesis: Natural Wonders of the American Southwest*, and having spent more than 500 days in the region, he's had plenty to see. Lorenz's work also appears in several European publications, including Germany's *GEO*, *Fine Art Foto* and *Natur Foto*; and Sweden's *Camera Natura*.

PAUL MARKOW
After a long day of shooting, photographer Paul Markow wants one thing: food. And if he had to choose his favorite places to grab a bite to eat, he'd pick the Chuckbox in Tempe or Houston's or Tarbell's in Phoenix. So, it was fitting that Markow shot the opener for this month's cover story (*Best Restaurants*, page 14). With countless portraits under his belt — Arizona icons Roger Clyne, Luis Gonzales and Steve Young, to name a few — this assignment was really no different. "With a model as great as Jennie Jackson [left], it's hard to screw up," he says. In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Markow's work also appears in *Vanity Fair*, *Golf* and *Woman's Day*.

letters

PLANES, TRAINS, AUTOMOBILES

On page 10 of the December 2008 issue of *Arizona Highways*, you accurately give the history of flights to Tucson and the early municipal airfields. However, you left out one airfield that was located east of Tucson on an early Army military reservation. This might be the airfield that General Billy Mitchell spoke of as being a designated military landing field in Tucson that was later used by the Garwood family, who lived and ranched in that area. This little-known airstrip is now located in Saguaro National Park and can be seen by hikers on the Wentworth Trail.

GEAN LLOYD, TUCSON

The article titled *Last Stop* by Sam Lowe in the November 2008 issue of *Arizona Highways* states that the Flagstaff train station was "segregated" into a "general waiting area on one side and a women's and children's area on the other." Although that might be the politically correct way to describe the two waiting areas, the truth is that they were segregated by race and not by gender or age, which was typical of Arizona both as a territory and after it was admitted to the Union as a state. During the Civil War and despite the presence of Union troops in the Arizona Territory, most Arizonans were very sympathetic to the Southern cause and provided them with as much assistance as they could manage. Arizona remained a racially segregated state throughout the 19th century and well into the 20th century until the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Brown v Board of Education*, which struck down the "separate but equal" doctrine as established in *Plessy v Ferguson*, which, interestingly enough, was a case that ran to racially segregated Pullman railroad car accommodations.

PAUL D. CRAIG, PHOENIX

I recently uncovered three old pictures of my family's trip through Arizona — I think around 1925. Maybe the Indian village shot [pictured] would be of interest to your readers.

JOHN SIME, TUCSON

BRIDGING THE GAP

This is my "thank you letter to the editor." My eldest son, Carl, and his family live in Phoenix and recently sent me a subscription to *Arizona Highways*. He's a real outdoorsman who hikes, bikes, runs and hunts, and has developed a total love for the state of Arizona. Even though he's a long way from my home in Buffalo, New York, and we enjoy only infrequent visits, *Arizona Highways* provides me a special bond with my son. As I read this publication, I can understand and fully appreciate his deep love of living in a place full of such awesome majesty. Thanks to you and your staff in helping to bridge the gap of thousands of miles and teaching me to appreciate the fine man my son has become.

JOAN D. HARMS, CHEEKTOWAGA, NEW YORK

CONTINENTAL DRIFT

The article by Gregory McNamee [*Walk This Way*, October 2008] has a common error listed within. The "divide" referred to as the Continental Divide is not correct. There is no part of the official

Continental Divide in Arizona. It's about 50 miles east in New Mexico. The "divide" northwest of Bisbee separates the San Pedro watershed from Whitewater Draw, which passes south through Douglas and eventually ends up flowing into the Gulf of California, not the Gulf of Mexico.

VERNON PAGE, CLIFTON

A MATTER OF BLACK-AND-WHITES

I found your piece on Barry Goldwater excellent [*The Journal*, November 2008], but was surprised there was no mention of Barry's photographic accomplishments. He launched my career when he gave me a well-worn 4x5 Graflex camera when I was about 14 years old — we were neighbors in Phoenix. If memory serves me correctly, his work was seen in *Arizona Highways*. His black-and-white portraits of Navajos were superb. He loved the Navajos, proving this by flying bales of hay to Navajo country after a devastating snowstorm and pushing them out of the plane whenever he encountered a starving group of Navajo cattle. Barry was a giant man.

CHUCK DEMUND, WAXHAW, NORTH CAROLINA

contact us

If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit arizonahighways.com.

Sweet Ride

If you can't make it to the NASCAR race in Phoenix this month, head to Williams. The "Gateway to the Grand Canyon," which is located along Route 66, has a long history with classic cars, railroad cars and more. *Information: 800-863-0546 or williamschamber.com.*

KERRICK JAMES

JEFF KIDA

Idol Chatter

Although the cameras and cue cards are gone, Bill "Wallace" Thompson still raps with fans of *Wallace & Ladmo* — Arizona's iconic television show.

By STEVE GOLDSTEIN

BILL THOMPSON — "WALL BOY" to his friends and just plain Wallace to anyone who grew up in Arizona between 1954 and 1989 — is used to having an audience. He and his partners in comedy, the late Ladimir "Ladmo" Kwiatkowski and radio icon Pat McMahon, entertained kids and their parents from KPHO-TV's studios for more than three decades on *The Wallace and Ladmo Show.*

PHOENIX

Though the cameras and cue cards are gone, Thompson is still happily holding court with old friends and fans every Friday at noon at La Siena, a north-central Phoenix retirement village. For more than 60 years, the same location was a Western-themed restaurant named Bud Brown's Barn, and Thompson and pals still refer to it that way. What everyone else calls "Lunch with Wallace," he calls "Lunch with Sandy" — after his longtime friend and Arizona actor Sandy Gibbons. The weekly gatherings started when Gibbons called Thompson — "out of the blue," according to Wallace — and asked him to lunch. Thanks to word of mouth, the gathering expanded from low-key reminiscing to a chance to pay homage to an idol.

Former Phoenix Suns center Alvan Adams, the NBA's Rookie of the Year in 1976, stopped by to break bread and deliver his own autographed bobblehead doll to Thompson. Historian and author Jack August brought his books about former senators Carl Hayden and Dennis DeConcini as gifts.

"You never know who might show up," Thompson says. "The doors are open, and it's out of control."

Former Hollywood stuntman Ron Nix and author/psychic Allison DuBois have sat at the long table. Some of the guests have arrived under the impression that they'll be speaking to the group.

"But the speakers never get to speak," Thompson explains. "That's part of the charm." That said, he does recall one guest who wouldn't be silenced.

"[Theater owner] Danny Harkins just got up and started talking, and he wouldn't stop."

Harkins is one of the legions of fans who stop by to reminisce about the old television show and praise their childhood hero. One of the lunches, though, revealed hopes of bringing *Wallace and Ladmo* to a current crop of kids by way of the big screen.

Writer Ben Tyler, who penned a trilogy of plays about *W&L*, told the gang about a Hollywood production company that's looking into a movie version. With fingers crossed, the crowd called for Arizona-raised comedic actor David Spade to play Pat McMahon and for late-night talk show host Jimmy Kimmel to portray Wall Boy, their man of the lunch hour.

PRATT'S Q&A

Misty Hyman
Olympian

If you were trying to convince your Olympic teammates that Arizona is a great place to visit, where would you take them?
Of course, we'd hike the Grand Canyon! In general, I'd rave about the sunsets, and the freedom one feels because you can see from horizon to horizon.

You're famous for yelling "Oh, my god!" when you won your Olympic gold medal. What was your reaction when you first saw the Grand Canyon?
I'm sure it was something similar, but I was quite a bit younger then! Even the thought of the Grand Canyon takes my breath away. I tell my friends who visit Phoenix that it's worth driving four hours to the Grand Canyon just to look at it for five minutes.

A jet ski on Saguaro Lake or a houseboat on Lake Powell?
That's a tough choice. I suppose I'd have to go with Saguaro Lake and the jet ski. Just because I'm retired doesn't mean I don't still enjoy speed in the water!

Flagstaff is about 140 miles from Phoenix. How many days would it take you to swim that far?
If I swam 5 hours each day, it would take me about 14 days. That's a long way to swim!

— Dave Pratt is the author of *Behind the Mic: 30 Years in Radio.*

House and Homey

Built in 1881, Randall House serves homemade meals in a homey atmosphere that feels a lot like grandma's house.

By KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

In the early 1900s, George and Mary Ellen Randall's house was *the* place to go in Pine to socialize over a cup of coffee and indulge in homemade pastries. Fast-forward to today, and Randall House is *the* place to go in Pine to socialize over a cup of coffee and indulge in homemade pastries.

When Mary Ellen Randall passed away in 1998, it was her wish that her home be turned into a coffeehouse for the community to enjoy. Barbara Frazin-O'Connor and her husband, Patrick O'Connor, granted that wish: They bought and renovated the home, which dates from 1881, continuing its tradition of hospitality.

With its evergreen-trimmed white clapboard, Randall House immediately charms. You can dine alfresco by a giant blue spruce, among the scent of flowers and the chatter of locusts. Or venture inside, which is like eating in an antiques shop.

"It's a homey atmosphere, with it being Mary Ellen's home," Barbara says. "People come in and they feel like they're in grandma's house."

The snug dining rooms are painted periwinkle, sea foam and butter, and decorated country-style. The tables might be decked with doilies, wildflowers in a Mason jar, and snowmen-shaped ceramic salt and pepper shakers. Some of the knickknacks are even for sale, including Route 66 memorabilia, mugs and toys.

One of the rooms displays the building's original log and adobe walls, constructed in 1881 by blacksmith Alfred Jason Randall while his family endured the winter in a covered wagon. Some of the garland-draped windows overlook the original Pine Library, which is about the size of a single-horse stable, and decorated as such.

But just because the setting is atavistic doesn't mean the food is tired and stodgy. "Everything is made to order," Barbara says. "We use good quality meats and cheeses, fresh vegetables and fruits. The pastries, dressing and sauces are all homemade."

You can breakfast on a wild salmon scramble, a wedge of quiche studded with fresh vegetables, or a stack of generously blueberried multigrain pancakes drizzled with maple syrup.

PINE

The lunch menu features several salads — including one chock-full of dried cranberries, sun-dried tomatoes, blue cheese and candied pecans. Heartier appetites can choose from numerous burgers, wraps and grilled sandwiches. Even vegetarians and vegans won't leave hungry, but they will have difficulty deciding between the grilled vegetable wrap, the black-bean burger with avocado salsa, or the balsamic-marinated portobello mushroom burger.

Regardless of the main course, save room for dessert. "We get people who come from the Verde Valley or Fountain Hills just for a piece of pie," Barbara says. "A lot of our customers have been coming here for years. We see their kids grow up."

It's just what Mary Ellen Randall would have wanted.

Randall House is located at 3821 Highway 87 in Pine. For more information, call 928-476-4077.

NICK BEREZENKO

NICK BEREZENKO

Mary Jane's Masterpiece

When Mary Jane Colter's La Posada opened in 1930, it was a manor in the middle of nowhere. Today, it's a stunning tribute to romance, history and the Harvey Girls.

By BRUCE ITULE

COFFEE'S ON AT 6 A.M. AT LA POSADA IN WINSLOW, the Spanish hacienda/hotel created by Southwestern architect Mary Jane Colter, who a century ago designed buildings along the Santa Fe Railway for the Fred Harvey Co.

Often called Colter's masterpiece, La Posada was in full bloom from its opening in 1930 to the '50s, when Route 66 on its north side and the Santa Fe Railway on its south brought travelers to Winslow.

WINSLOW

On this morning, only a few overnighters have been lured by the coffee's aroma. Outside, birds have started their concert. South of the hotel, Interstate 40 — which morphed Winslow from gettin' your kicks to out in the sticks — is beginning to hum.

Slowly, people walk out of La Posada's main entrance, which faces the railroad tracks. A New Yorker in a yellow T-shirt with "I sunk your battleship" silk-screened onto it greets a groundskeeper and says, "I like to see the trains."

He and the others are not disappointed. Just before 6:30 a.m., a freighting monster ushered by an orange and yellow BNSF locomotive arrives. Next up is the eastbound Amtrak Superliner, which is on its way to Chicago but rests in front of La Posada long enough for two passengers to get off and eight to get on.

Trains no longer linger in Winslow, but plenty of the giants rumble past La Posada and delight railroad watchers. The westbound Amtrak will stop this evening.

When there's a lull, it's easy to sit back in one of the grand public spaces and recall *The Harvey Girls*, the 1946 movie starring Judy Garland as Susan Bradley, who on a train trip west meets and then joins a crew of young women headed for jobs at a remote stop to provide good cooking for railway travelers.

La Posada was once a romantic Spanish manor with 70 guestrooms, but it never prospered and eventually closed to the public in 1957. In the 1960s, the building was gutted and served as Santa Fe Railway offices for three decades.

Allan Affeldt and his artist wife, Tina Mion, whose bold work is displayed throughout the hotel, purchased the 20-acre property in 1997, and with a competent staff are slowly bringing it back to life.

Thirty-seven rooms have been restored and more will be finished soon. Rates range from $99 for a standard to $149 for a suite. Hacienda furnishings are scattered throughout, and the guestrooms are named for celebrities who once stayed here.

The Turquoise Room restaurant, adjoining the hotel, still offers terrific food for travelers, but it's served by men and women. Like passenger trains, the Harvey Girls have moved on.

La Posada is located at 303 E. Second Street in Winslow. For more information, call 928-289-4366 or visit laposada.org.

For the Record

Mother Nature is in a constant state of flux — floods, earthquakes and urban development have a way of changing things. Fortunately, landscape photographers are always there to record the before and after photos.

By PETER ENSENBERGER, director of photography

Americans understand the importance of wilderness. We set aside the most beautiful and wondrous landscapes — places that provide a retreat from our fast-paced worlds. The visual splendor of the wilderness is second only to the power of those places to rejuvenate the human spirit. But despite the seemingly eternal qualities of these "protected" places, they're going through some changes.

Mother Nature's most enduring icons are transforming daily. The natural cycle of droughts, floods, volcanoes and earthquakes ravage the Earth, and human activities such as mining, logging and development are altering our most beloved places.

As you read this, some of the West's most timeless landscapes are bursting the myth of permanence. Grand Canyon, Arches, Canyonlands, Yellowstone and Yosemite national parks are under stress from naturally occurring rockslides and earth tremors, among other things. Robert Redford recently added his voice to the concern over the leasing of federal wilderness areas for oil and natural gas drilling in southern Utah. It's ironic during these times of energy and natural resource uncertainty that our iconic landscapes, the very essence of stability, are being put at risk to feed our need for security.

In Arches National Park, erosion and stress fractures caused the 71-foot-wide Wall Arch to collapse, forcing closure of Devils Garden Trail. Glacier Point in Yosemite National Park, for more than a decade the most active rockfall zone in the park, let loose an 1,800-cubic-yard slab of granite that crushed cabins and injured campers. And Yellowstone National Park, which sits atop a so-called "supervolcano," recently unleashed a swarm of seismic activity beneath Yellowstone Lake. It seems the caldera erupts every 600,000 years or so, and we're about due for the big badda boom. In human terms, it's rare to observe such dramatic changes.

As controversies come and go and landforms change size and shape, photographers are always there to record the evolving face of the landscape. Their images can inform us of impending problems or reassure us that nature is in balance. They are the chroniclers of change, playing a vital role in documenting the health of the natural world.

Landscape photographers rely on the land. They feed off the beauty and wonder of the environment, and count on the stability of the Earth to provide them with a livelihood. In their efforts to eke out a living from the vast and unexplored lands, early landscape photographers such as William Henry Jackson, Timothy O'Sullivan and Carleton Watkins created a lasting record of untouched places. It's much the same today. Modern nature photographers are eyewitnesses to the subtle changes that portend larger issues.

Earth, on the other hand, relies on these photographers to draw attention to the abundant beauty it provides, and to raise awareness when that beauty is in peril. There's a mutually beneficial dependence between the natural world and the nature photographer. In a beautiful, quiet way, their art serves a primary role in reassuring us when our world is in order, and sounding the alarm when it is not.

The forces of erosion that created the impressive span of Wall Arch in southern Utah are the same forces that led to its demise. PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

PROTECT YOUR GEAR

Photo Tips

Cameras don't like dust, grit or sand. Packing equipment for a prolonged desert visit means packing lens and camera cleaning kits comprising canned air, micropore lens cloths and lens-cleaning solution. A supply of zip-lock bags offers an extra barrier against the relentless rasp of sand. When there's a sandstorm raging, keep your cameras bagged and out of harm's way. Your equipment pack should have ample padding and strong zippers that seal out dust and grit. And don't forget to protect yourself. Use a pack with a good suspension system that distributes the weight evenly between shoulders and hips. Inside your pack, accessories like gardeners' kneepads make close-up photography more comfortable, and Kevlar gaiters can fend off burrs, cholla spines and rattlesnake bites.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Look for *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and arizonahighways.com.

ONLINE

For more photography tips and other information, visit arizonahighways.com and click on "Photo Tips."

Air Italia

On April 26, 1927, an officer in the Italian Air Force made a historic flight to Arizona, one that sparked a minor controversy and left his plane at the bottom of Roosevelt Lake.

By SEYMOUR PETROVSKY

IN 1925, COMMERCIAL AVIATION was in its infancy, and landing on terra firma was a real accomplishment. That said, imagine the courage it must have taken for a pilot to champion the use of seaplanes that utilized lakes and rivers instead of traditional runways.

That's what Francesco de Pinedo, chief of staff of the Italian Air Force, preferred in those early years of transoceanic flight. But what do an Italian pilot and his seaplane have to do with Arizona? Turns out, they're the subject of one of Arizona's more intriguing tales.

De Pinedo had made a name for himself as the undisputed star of the aviation world, having completed the longest flight in history — 34,000 miles — which earned him acclaim throughout Europe and Asia. When the opportunity for a 30,000-mile flight to Africa, South America and the United States presented itself, de Pinedo enthusiastically signed on. For his aircraft, he chose an S-55 flying boat, renowned for endurance and dependability, and dubbed it the *Santa Maria*.

ROOSEVELT LAKE

De Pinedo arrived in New Orleans on March 29, 1927, claiming his aircraft was the first foreign plane to fly to the United States. From there, he headed west, stopping in Galveston, Texas; San Antonio; and New Mexico.

Then, on April 6, 1927, de Pinedo touched down in Arizona — at Roosevelt Lake — for refueling. During the stopover, he took a tour of the reservoir buildings while his navigator and mechanic oversaw the refueling. During that process, excess fuel was taken on and some of it was dumped overboard to lighten the *Santa Maria*'s load.

De Pinedo's seaplane, *Santa Maria,* on Roosevelt Lake.

A few seconds later, 17-year-old John Thomason, a boat tender, lit a cigarette and tossed his match into the lake, where it ignited the fuel floating on top of the water. Instantly, an explosion ripped across the quiet lake surface.

Standing a short distance away, de Pinedo turned toward the lake and saw the destruction of the *Santa Maria* as flames engulfed the seaplane, sending it to the bottom of Roosevelt Lake in a matter of minutes.

In Italy, some believed the accident to be an anti-Fascist plot, but de Pinedo knew better, saying, "The misfortune that overtook the *Santa Maria* was the result of one small boy's carelessness."

A month later, in May 1927, salvagers recovered the seaplane's engines, propeller, wings, tail section and one pontoon with compartments that held binoculars, a watch (stopped at 12 o'clock), 20,000 lire and a medal of St. Theresa. Today, the other pontoon still lies in its watery grave, buried beneath the mud and silt of Roosevelt Lake.

This month in history

■ Edwin Tewksbury — the last remaining contestant of the decades-long feud between the Tewksburys and the Grahams following the Pleasant Valley War of 1887 — died of tuberculosis in Globe on April 4, 1904. Twice, Edwin was convicted of killing Tom Graham, the last Graham, but the verdict was deferred and the case dismissed due to technicalities.

■ On April 28, 1700, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino laid the foundation for the first church at San Xavier del Bac, named for his patron saint, Francis Xavier.

■ A group of Anglo-Americans, Mexican-Americans and Papago Indians [now called the Tohono O'odham] massacred 118 Aravaipa Apache men, women and children who had surrendered to the U.S. Army at Camp Grant near Tucson on April 30, 1871. The incident is known today as the Camp Grant Massacre.

50 years ago
IN ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Canyon de Chelly was the focus of our April 1959 issue. Among other things, we showcased the area's unique history and culture, as well as its world-renowned sandstone spires, ruins and mesas. Canyon del Muerto was also in the mix — it would have been deadly to leave it out.

Dig This!

Although a badger can quickly slice a linebacker to shreds, it prefers a slower pace, unless it's digging for food. When that happens, it's off to the races.

By KERIDWEN CORNELIUS

There's a sign at the San Diego Zoo that reads: *Please do not annoy, torment, pester, plague, molest, worry, badger, harry, persecute, irk, bullyrag, vex, disquiet, grate, beset, bother, tease, nettle, tantalize or ruffle the animals.* And no animal appreciates that more than the badger.

The fact that these usually docile, solitary waddlers became a synonym for "harass" is the result of the now-outlawed practice of badger baiting, in which Michael Vick types unleash dogs upon badgers and watch until they fight to severe injury or death. Badgers are vicious when provoked, and they're the strongest animals in the world for their size. But their dagger-like claws were designed less as swords and more as plowshares.

The badger — which ranges throughout North America, Europe and Asia — is the fastest digging animal on the planet. A Southwestern badger once outpaced three men with shovels, literally leaving them in the dust. People have witnessed badgers making mincemeat of asphalt and concrete in minutes.

Yet far from destructive, badgers actually play an important role in the ecosystem. They eat other fossorial (burrowing) animals such as pocket gophers, kangaroo rats and ground squirrels, plus rabbits and snakes. Their digging aerates the soil, and their burrows, called setts, provide shelter for ground dwellers like cottontails and burrowing owls.

They also have an unlikely partnership with coyotes. Coyotes often skulk behind badgers, snagging the rodents they flush out of burrows. Research also suggests that badgers snatch the ground animals that coyotes chase into holes.

Badgers themselves have few enemies. Their fur is sometimes fashioned into shaving and painting brushes, although this is illegal in many countries.

Even before they're born, badgers are masters of survival. Boars and sows (male and female badgers) breed in the summer, but their newborns wouldn't have time to fatten up before winter if they were born in the fall. So, the embryo remains in a state of arrested development until anywhere from December to February, when it finally implants into the uterine wall and matures in time for spring.

In Arizona, the American badger lends its name to several locations, including Badger Springs Wash, Badger Tank and Badger Canyon. If you encounter one of these critters in any of those places, don't worry, it won't annoy, torment, pester, or even badger you. That is, unless you call it a wolverine.

nature factoid

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Shake, Rattle, Roll

Thirteen isn't considered a lucky number, but consider the 13 species of rattlesnakes that call Arizona home. From the Arizona black-tail rattlesnake, which can grow up to 42 inches long, to the western diamondback, which can measure a shocking 66 inches, the snakes are the stuff of legend. But they have more in common with humans than you might imagine — their rattles are made from keratin, a substance akin to human fingernails.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Copperstate Road Rally

APRIL 4-8
PHOENIX

More than 70 rare and vintage automobiles tour the state during this unique fundraiser, which benefits Phoenix Art Museum. The event also features the Field of Dreams Car Show — more than 500 vehicles will be on display, including street rods, muscle cars, sports cars and exotics. In addition, a "scrutineering" of the rally cars is open to the public before the drivers depart. The four-day rally will go from Phoenix past Roosevelt Lake to Flagstaff, and then across the Navajo Nation to Winslow, Sedona and Prescott Valley. *Information: 602-307-2060 or copperstate1000.com.*

ADAM BLOCK, MT. LEMMON SKY CENTER

SkyNights

APRIL 1-30 MOUNT LEMMON

View distant galaxies, Saturn's rings and Jupiter's moon, as well as meteors, comets, star clusters and other night-sky objects during the Mt. Lemmon Sky Center's SkyNights program. Visitors can also gaze through a state-of-the-art 24-inch reflecting telescope inside one of Steward Observatory's viewing domes. Until recently, this was open only to professionals. If you can't make it at night, the center also offers Discovery Days, a daytime program that focuses on astrophotography, asteroids and the ecology of Southern Arizona's sky islands. *Information: 520-626-8122 or skycenter.arizona.edu.*

Photography Workshop

The spires and buttes of Monument Valley offer the perfect backdrop for making iconic Arizona images. Join *Arizona Highways* photographer Chuck Lawsen for a photography workshop that travels to the rippled sand dunes of Navajoland, as well as Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly. *Information: 888-790-7042 or friendsofazhighways.com.*

Mark Your Calendar

Arizona Highways Travel Show

MAY 30-31 PHOENIX

Learn about Arizona's best travel options during this show at the Phoenix Convention Center, sponsored by *Arizona Highways,* the state's travel authority. Learn about the newest activities, events and attractions, as well as unique dining and lodging spots from show exhibitors and speakers. *Information: arizonahighwaystravelshow.com.*

LARRY LINDAHL

Opening Day at The Arboretum

APRIL 1 FLAGSTAFF

The Arboretum at Flagstaff, which houses more than 2,500 species of high-elevation plants and wildflowers, reopens this month. Along with spectacular views of Flagstaff's mountains, meadows and forests, The Arboretum offers guided tours and its unique Birds of Prey program. *Information: 928-774-1442 or thearb.org.*

PETER BRANDEIS

Chihuly's Glass Sculptures

APRIL 1-30 PHOENIX

Beautiful works of glass sculpture by renowned artist Dale Chihuly grace the trails of Desert Botanical Garden in this unique exhibit — the artist's first in an outdoor desert environment. *Information: 480-941-1225 or dbg.org.*

Saguaro Fact #7

A 35-foot-tall plant with six or seven arms can weigh as much as 14,000 pounds — the equivalent of two Hummers filled with two families and camping gear.

Chuck Lawsen

Here's the thing about human beings:
Sooner or later, every single one of them has to eat.
Even supermodels and kids named Mikey.
With that in mind, we present our second-annual "Best Restaurants in Arizona" issue,
straight from the mouth of the state's most-respected food critic.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS'
BEST RESTAURANTS
2009

By Nikki Buchanan

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL MARKOW; FOOD COURTESY TARBELL'S RESTAURANT

From the big lake in the north to the grasslands of Sonoita in the south, we've combed the state in search of Arizona's best restaurants. Why? Because we know that tramping around, taking photos and buying trinkets tends to make people hungry. Some of the restaurants on this list are classics, beloved by their communities for decades, while others are newcomers, destined for long-lived success. Some are upscale. Some are down-home. We hope you'll appreciate them for precisely what they offer — whether it's charming décor, great food, friendly service, gorgeous views or maybe a piece of Arizona history. Each, in its own way, is noteworthy.

So, buckle your seat belt. We promise a delicious trip.

RICHARD MAACK

BeDillon's Restaurant & Cactus Garden

{CASA GRANDE}

IF YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR HISTORY, you'll love BeDillon's, a graceful adobe home built in 1917 and quietly falling apart until its rescue by Michael Jackson (no, not *that* Michael Jackson) in 1990. Jackson kept and restored as much of it as possible, including the stunning cactus garden (featuring 85 global varieties) and the museum, which houses an amazing collection of Native American artifacts. That said, most people come to BeDillon's for the food, driving from Tucson or Phoenix for bacon-wrapped black olives stuffed with jalapeño cheese, hand-cut steaks and ultra-buttery apple cake. *800 N. Park Avenue, 520-836-2045 or bedillons.com.*

Bisbee Breakfast Club

{BISBEE}

IN 2005, PAT AND HEATHER GRIMM turned the old Rexall Pharmacy into a sweet, cluttered café; now they can't beat the locals away with a stick. Using real maple syrup for their blueberry- and walnut-studded buttermilk pancakes, locally roasted beans for their espresso, and homemade, Jim Beam-spiked barbecue sauce for their Huckburger (stacked with ham and Swiss cheese), this quality-driven operation has been featured in both *Gourmet* magazine and Jane and Michael Stern's *Road Food*. Save room for house-baked pies, scones and cinnamon sticky rolls. *75 Erie Street, bisbeebreakfastclub.com or 520-432-5885.*

JEFF KIDA

RICHARD MAACK

Kai

{CHANDLER}

FOR THE QUINTESSENTIAL ARIZONA EXPERIENCE, there's nothing quite like Kai, the Native American-inflected, AAA Five Diamond dining room at the Sheraton Wild Horse Pass Resort & Spa, situated on a vast tract of desert owned by the Gila River Indian Community. Stunning sunset views and striking art are the backdrop for chef de cuisine Jack Strong's astonishing food, a seamless melding of classical technique with indigenous ingredients, many of them grown on the surrounding reservation. Smoky wood-grilled squash soup, floated with a spicy-sweet wisp of cotton candy (a playful nod to the Pima cotton-growing culture), is one of many luscious examples of Strong's talent for taking flying leaps of creativity yet remaining grounded. *5594 W. Wild Horse Pass Boulevard, 602-225-0100 or wildhorsepassresort.com.*

JEFF KIDA

El Conquistador
{DOUGLAS}

ORIGINALLY BUILT IN 1907 AND REBUILT IN 1929 AFTER A DEVASTATING fire, The Gadsden Hotel is called "the last of the grand hotels," a moniker you'll appreciate when you see the white Italian marble staircase in the lobby and the Tiffany stained-glass mural on the wall of the mezzanine above it. The hotel's dining room, El Conquistador, is modest by comparison, but still maintains a stately air. Its Mexican-American menu is mostly old school, too, featuring super-nachos, burritos, steaks, fried shrimp, baby beef liver and roast turkey with cranberry dressing. *The Gadsden Hotel, 1046 G Avenue, 520-364-4481 or hotelgadsden.com.*

ENSCONCED IN A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW built in 1911, this Modern American bistro is charming and homey, boasting two cozy fireplaces, a relaxing garden and a wide porch for outdoor dining. Chef Tony Cosentino and his sister, Jill (who named the restaurant for their late mother), change their globe-hopping menu to reflect the seasons. Selections might include a fried green tomato and turkey sandwich, baklava-baked Brie with peach-fig chutney or cider-brined pork loin with poblano-cheddar polenta. The wine list has received an Award of Excellence from *Wine Spectator*, while the restaurant has earned three diamonds from AAA. Josephine would surely be proud. *503 N. Humphreys Street, 928-779-3400 or josephinesrestaurant.com.*

Josephine's
{FLAGSTAFF}

Libby's El Rey Café
{GLOBE}

LOYALISTS SWEAR EL REY IS THE KING of Mexican food, not just in Eastern Arizona, but in the whole state, and they've been saying so since Viviano and Marian Bracamonte opened this tiny spot in 1947. Their daughter Libby took over in 1988, and aside from adding two soups to the menu, she does everything exactly the way her parents taught her — grinding corn for the tamales, making flour tortillas and salsas fresh each day, and pouring butter (an El Rey distinction) over the house-made corn chips. *999 N. Broad Street, 928-425-2054.*

MOLLY BUTLER BEGAN OFFERING FOOD and lodging to local ranchers, travelers (and probably outlaws) back in 1910, and the rustic restaurant that bears her name has been operating continuously for nearly 100 years. When the weather's nice, lunch and dinner are served on the deck overlooking Greer Meadow — where deer, bears and coyotes are often spotted. But this cozy little piece of White Mountains history caters to locals, too, just the way Molly did, keeping them happy with Hot Dang Chili, signature prime rib and Molly's special steak smothered in creamy Mormon gravy. *109 Main Street, 928-735-7226 or mollybutlerlodge.com.*

Molly Butler's
{GREER}

RYAN B. STEVENSON

The Asylum
{JEROME}

WITH ITS BREATHTAKING VIEWS of the Verde Valley, this tranquil haven, housed in the historic hilltop Jerome Grand Hotel, really does offer asylum from the rat race below. Maybe that's why it's John McCain's favorite restaurant. Of course, it couldn't hurt that the boutique wine list, honored by *Wine Spectator*, offers 40 by-the-glass selections. Or that inspired New American menu selections, such as prickly pear barbecue pork tenderloin and roasted duck breast with spicy orange-plum salsa, are first-rate. Thanks to McCain, The Asylum has now been featured in dozens of major publications, including *The Wall Street Journal*. Let's hope all the publicity doesn't create bedlam. *200 Hill Street, 928-639-3197 or theasylum.biz.*

Hubb's Bistro
{KINGMAN}

WHEN HURRICANE KATRINA STRUCK, Jason and Jennifer Pfaff left their jobs at the Beau Rivage Resort in Biloxi to buy the historic Hotel Brunswick on Historic Route 66. Mississippi's loss is Arizona's gain. Thanks to their talent, attention to detail and wine knowledge (both are certified sommeliers), gracious Hubb's brings fine dining to this former cowboy town. Although the lunch menu has a slight Southern accent (featuring muffalata and blackened catfish), the dinner menu offers eclectic options such as pan-seared diver scallops with wasabi mashed potatoes and ginger-braised beef shortribs with brown sugar and bourbon glaze. *315 E. Andy Devine Avenue, 928-718-1800 or hotel-brunswick.com.*

RYAN B. STEVENSON

RYAN B. STEVENSON

Valerie's Sugar Brook Bakery & Café
{LAKE HAVASU}

BEFORE SHE OPENED HER DRAMATICALLY decorated, upscale bakery-café, Valerie Howard-Goldney repeated this mantra, "If I bake it, they will come." And she was right. Everyone's crazy about her fancy breakfasts, lunchtime sandwiches on fresh-baked breads, house-made jams and syrups and incredible selection of sweets — including pastries, muffins, brownies, cookies, pies, cakes and the most adorable cupcakes you've ever seen. Nowadays, Valerie offers Friday and Saturday night dinners (the menu changes weekly), while making amazing one-of-a-kind cakes for her catering business. But does she ever sleep? *1695 Mesquite Avenue, Suite 106-107, 928-855-2253 or sugarbrookbakery.com.*

Fiesta Mexicana Family
{PAGE}

CUSTOMERS WHO VISIT THIS PRETTY, papaya-colored restaurant cluttered with crafts from Mexico often want to buy what they see, but the only items for sale are the terrific margaritas (watch out for The Baby-Maker) and generously portioned, made-from-scratch Mexican specialties. The Flaming Fiesta Combo — a sizzling Tex-Mex assemblage of carne asada, pollo asada and shrimp, brought to the table in flames — is a showstopper, but don't miss more authentic selections such as steak Tampiqueña (topped with grilled shrimp, onions, peppers and cheese) or mojarra rellena (tilapia smothered in seafood sauce). *125 S. Lake Powell Boulevard, 928-645-4082.*

Gerardo's Italian Bistro
{PAYSON}

GERARDO MOCERI, WHO APPRENTICED IN Venice and worked in restaurants all over Italy, brings the real deal to Rim Country, buying organic pasta, using fresh herbs from his garden and making his own mozzarella, breads and desserts each day. From the wood-burning oven come wonderful pizzas and baked pastas such as bacon-studded ziti mac & cheese. His legendary calamari, Florentine bistecca and butternut squash ravioli are all the more delicious for the cozy, family oriented environment he and his own hard-working family have created. *512 Beeline Highway, 928-468-6500.*

Barrio Café
{PHOENIX}

RICHARD MAACK

CHEF-OWNER SILVANA SALCIDO ESPARZA EXPLODES THE MYTH THAT MEXICAN FOOD is a bland assemblage of carbohydrates and cheese, taking her customers on a culinary tour of southern Mexico that invariably leaves them breathless — or would that be the potent margaritas? Succulent, achiote-rubbed pork roast, pomegranate seed-studded guacamole, dreamy chiles en nogada and cajeta-filled churros are the not-to-be-missed signatures. Meanwhile, Barrio's edgy local artwork and wildly decorated bathrooms, rife with Mexican kitsch, are always conversation starters, and the Mexican wine list is the best in the state. *2814 N. 16th Street, 602-636-0240 or barriocafe.com.*

Brickman's Grill
{PINETOP}

SHOW UP IN TENNIS SHOES OR A TUX — IT'S all the same to Bob and Vicki Brickman, who label their friendly operation "casual fine dining." Factor in the NASCAR memorabilia and comprehensive wine list, and that sounds about right. An eclectic but ultimately American menu offers everything from coconut shrimp to chicken Marsala, the specialties being steak and seafood, including rainbow trout, Alaskan king crab legs and broiled lobster tail. Cozy up to the fireplace in cold weather; head for the patio come summer. *1450 E. White Mountain Boulevard, 928-367-7400 or brickmansgrill.com.*

Firehouse Kitchen
{PRESCOTT}

"COMFORT" IS THE OPERATIVE WORD AT the Firehouse, where butterscotch and burnt sienna-colored walls are hung with vintage food and beverage posters, and seating runs to high-backed upholstered banquettes or plush, black leather Parsons chairs. The menu is a medley of American mom classics — meatloaf, pot roast, pork chops, barbecued chicken, brisket, cream-enriched mashed potatoes and gooey mac & cheese. Clean your plate and maybe you can have s'mores or homemade apple pie à la mode. *218 W. Goodwin Street, 928-776-4566.*

Rancho Pinot
{SCOTTSDALE}

Foodies flock to this cowboy-chic venue, decorated with Western memorabilia, for dozens of reasons — first and foremost, chef-owner Chrysa Robertson's sophisticated version of American comfort food, inspired by her Italian family and informed by her passion for local, seasonal, organic ingredients. A master of the mesquite grill, she works wonders with quail, duck and chicken, makes ravishingly simple salads and bakes up homey, satisfying desserts such as ginger cake with honey-roasted local pears and house-made ice cream. Partner Tom Kaufman, who maintains an impressive cellar of boutique wines and hard-to-find vintages, charms the room with his wine lore and down-to-earth approach. *6208 N. Scottsdale Road, 480-367-8030 or ranchopinot.com.*

Second-floor digs allude to the colorful cantinas of Mexico, while the spacious open-air deck affords gorgeous views of the red rocks.

Elote Café
{SEDONA}

NEARLY TWO YEARS AGO, JEFF SMEDSTAD said "adios" to Scottsdale and moved to Sedona, where he dishes out the extraordinarily good regional Mexican food that earned him such acclaim in the Valley of the Sun. His market-inspired menu features fire-roasted corn kernels tossed with spicy mayo, lime and cotija cheese (the elote for which the restaurant is named), braised lamb shank smothered in earthy ancho chile sauce and sweet, griddled corn cake with cajeta and vanilla ice cream. His second-floor digs allude to the colorful cantinas of Mexico, while the spacious open-air deck affords gorgeous views of the red rocks. *771 Highway 179 (Kings Ransom Sedona Hotel), 928-203-0105 or elotecafe.com.*

MOREY K. MILBRADT

EDWARD MCCAIN

Tanuki Sushi Bar & Garden
{SIERRA VISTA}

OKINAWA-BORN MICHIKO MAGGIE GRACE SETS high standards for her first-class operation, crammed with Japanese mementos from loyal customers. She drives to Tucson a couple of times a week to pick up fresh fish, flown in from Los Angeles, and hires trained Japanese sushi chefs (not Caucasian 20-somethings in samurai headbands) to sweat the details. All sauces are made from scratch, and cooked dishes such as sukiyaki, tempura and udon are prepared with the same concern for quality and authenticity. *1221 E. Fry Boulevard, 520-459-6853.*

IT'S BEEN NEARLY FOUR YEARS SINCE chef-owners John Hall and Joy Vargo moved from Seattle to Sonoita (Southern Arizona's wine country) to open winsome, wood-beamed Canela, which deftly expresses wine-country sensibilities by showcasing locally produced food and wine. Their frequently changing menu, built around what's fresh and in season, might feature seared pork belly with grilled radicchio, raisins and blood orange vinaigrette; roast quail with cornbread stuffing; and powdered sugar beignets with pineapple compote. If you're lucky, you'll stumble across one of their four-course, special occasion tasting menus, priced at $45-$60 with wine pairings. *3252 Highway 82, 520-455-5873 or canelabistro.com.*

Canela
{SONOITA}

Los Dos Molinos
{SPRINGERVILLE}

IF YOU HAVE AN ASBESTOS-plated palate and profuse head-sweating doesn't embarrass you, take your heat-seeking self to the original Los Dos, dishing out fiery New Mexico-style Mexican food since 1978. Decorated with cowboy hats and branding irons, this tidy operation is run by Antoinette Chavez (daughter of founder Victoria), who makes everything to her mother's specs, including signature adovada ribs, chile rellenos and blue-corn enchiladas smothered in red or green chile and topped with a fried egg. Save room for honey-dripped sopapillas, and come summer, ask for fruity house-made sangria. *900 E. Main Street, 928-333-4846 or losdosmolinosaz.com.*

VinTabla
{TUCSON}

AT STYLISH VINTABLA (WHICH MEANS "WINE CASKET"), there is much ado about wine, thanks to Laura Williamson, one of only 130 master sommeliers in the world. She oversees the restaurant's retail wine shop, conducts wine-tastings and classes and maintains a *Wine Spectator* award-winning global list that reads like a bodice ripper ("juicy & lush" reds, "vibrant & sleek" whites). Executive chef — and Postrio alum — Bruce Yim complements her efforts with an appealing menu of wine-friendly small plates, wood-fired dishes and entrees, including duck sausage and sun-dried cherry pizzetta, salumi, artisanal cheeses and sticky pudding toffee cake. *2890 E. Skyline Drive, Suite 100, 520-577-6210 or vintabla.com.*

Vogue Bistro
{SURPRISE}

From its designer-named martinis and bold, black-and-white color scheme to its French-inspired menu and TV clips of fashion models walking the runway, Vogue is everything its name implies: a stylish restaurant that reflects trends without being trendy. Chef-owner Aurore de Beauduy brings her Le Cordon Bleu training to bear on an all-day menu that allows customers to eat as lavishly or budget-consciously as they please. Will it be a not-so-humble hamburger (topped with Gorgonzola, applewood-smoked bacon, arugula and caramelized onion chutney), buttery escargots swathed in puff pastry or *foie gras* cured in Cognac? *15411 W. Waddell Road, 623-544-9109 or voguebistro.com.*

PAUL MARKOW

Twisters 50's Soda Fountain
{WILLIAMS}

LOCATED ON THE MOTHER ROAD, this spotlessly clean, sweetly nostalgic time warp — a black and white-floored soda fountain, furnished with shiny red booths and lots of Coca-Cola memorabilia — is a yummy blast from the past for Boomers. But you don't have to be old enough to remember Chubby Checker to appreciate the excellent burgers, fries, onion rings, malts, shakes, ice cream sodas and banana splits served here. The adjacent Route 66-inspired gift shop is a kick, too. *417 E. Route 66, 928-635-0266 or route66place.com.*

Shelby's Bistro
{TUBAC}

What tiny Shelby's lacks in size, it makes up for in charm, sporting an eclectic collection of tchotchkes and a pleasant patio overlooking a pond. Owner Anthony Tay's Mediterranean-inspired menu, which focuses on the foods of his childhood, features pastas; light, thin-crust pizzas (try the Mediterranean, topped with grilled chicken, pesto, kalamatas, artichokes and feta); and lots of seafood, including the signature Southwestern Seafood Bouillabaisse, accented with lime and cilantro. *19 Tubac Road, 520-398-8075.*

Julieanna's Patio Café
{YUMA}

BURBLING FOUNTAINS, SWAYING PALMS, LUSH LAWNS and live macaws make this tropical oasis in the desert Yuma's favorite spot for romantic dinners, corporate functions and weddings. While the recently updated lunch menu runs to salads and sandwiches, upscale dinner options include a trendy tower of ahi, avocado and mango; signature prime rib; Chateaubriand; and salmon Wellington. Decorated with local art, the colorful main dining room has its charms, but nothing beats a tiled table on the tropical patio. *1951 W. 25th Street, 928-317-1961 or julieannaspatiocafe.com.*

ONLINE For more more restaurants around the state, visit arizonahighways.com and click on "Dining."

Geologisches Wunderland

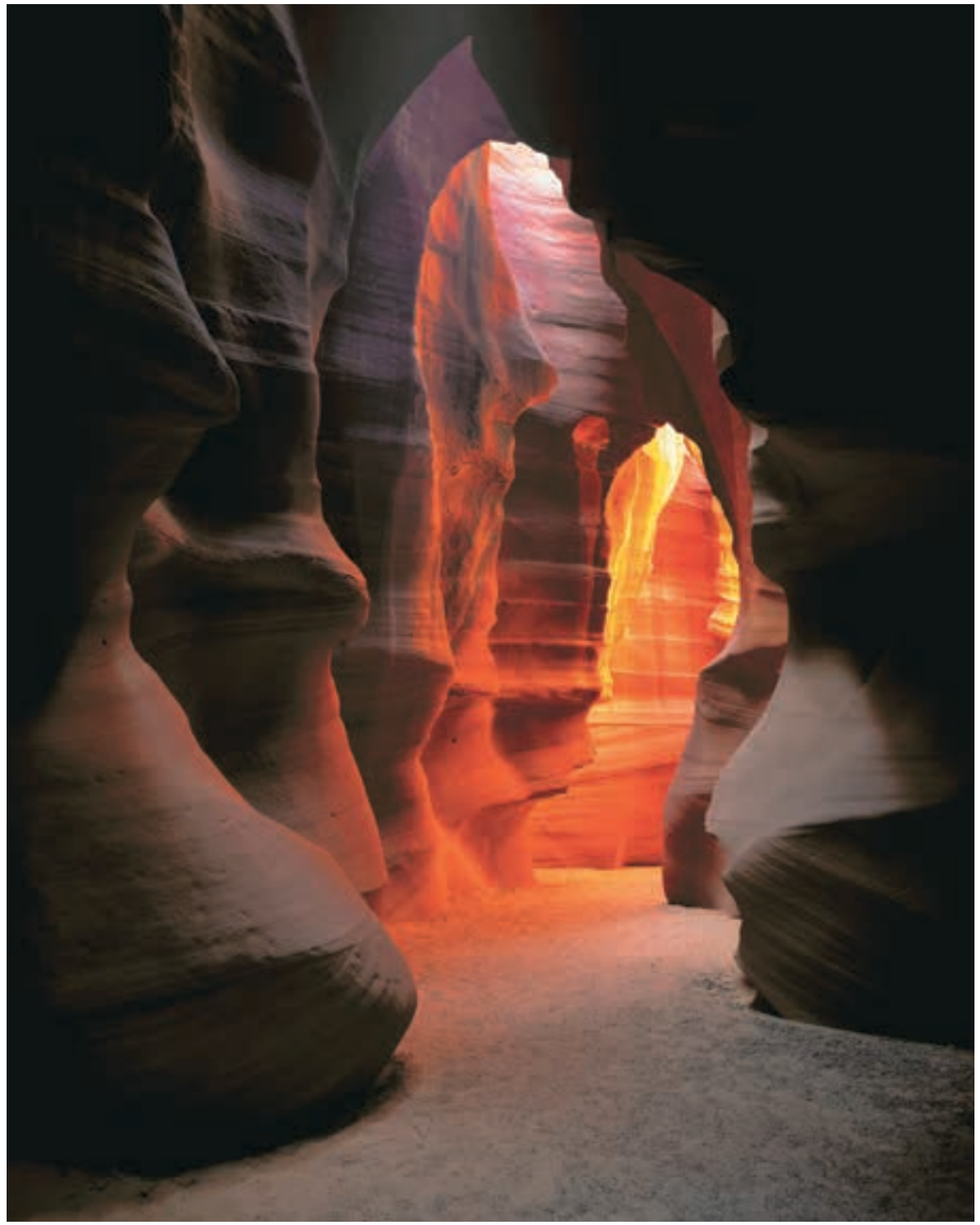
"Geologic wonderland." That's how German photographer Holger Lorenz describes the American Southwest, a place he first visited in 1990. Since then, he's made 23 more trips. He doesn't just drop in, though. In the past two decades, he's spent 520 days trekking through the back-country in search of remote sites and untouched Mother Nature. Initially, he tried to emulate his role models — Ansel Adams and our own Jack Dykinga — but like those great photographers, he's developed his own style, and it definitely measures up.

By Holger Lorenz

GOOD STRIATIONS

◗ The Wave — a petrified sand dune located in Coyote Buttes — was practically unknown until a German film, *Faszination Natur,* made it famous among European tourists.

PRECEDING PANEL: Odd formations made from stratified, wind-scoured Navajo sandstone are scattered around the Coyote Buttes area of the Paria Canyon-Vermilion Cliffs Wilderness.



INNER GLOW

Antelope Canyon's sinuous, corkscrew walls were whittled by flash floods that continue to make this slot canyon dangerous during heavy rains.

LEFT: Discovered in 1931 by a 12-year-old Navajo girl who'd lost her sheep, Antelope Canyon is popular among photographers for the dramatic shafts of sunlight that pierce its inner chamber.

CALL OF THE WILD

◗ A rock formation at Coyote Buttes seems to howl at the moon. Elsewhere in the wilderness you'll find a sandstone Snuffleupagus, Teepees and the Dinosaur Dance Floor.

SHELF LIFE

Some of the fins that form on sandstone shelves are so thin they can be broken by a breeze. Because of the formations' fragility, only 20 people per day are permitted to visit Coyote Buttes.

BY LEO BANKS

WAS WILLIAM EASTMAN FULL OF IT?

Arizona has its share of colorful history, and most of the stories have been well documented. The Legend of Skull Valley isn't among them. In fact, the tale of William Eastman's miraculous escape from a hanging rope sounds a little far-fetched. Nonetheless, *The New York Times* bought into it in 1899, and so did *The Arizona Republican*. No one knows for sure, but 110 years later, it's still a story worth telling.

Even if he engaged in the grand art of embellishment, and even if he put one of heaven's own angels under hot lights and made him tell a book of lies, then spoke them as his own, William Eastman's story should be told. He possesses, if his story holds, firsthand information on one of frontier Arizona's grandest and grubbiest spectacles — the lynching.

He wasn't merely a witness to the rope play. That would make him one of thousands. No, Eastman was the victim, or as he put it, "I played the leading role as a corpse."

Supposedly, a friend sawed the choking rope just in time to bring Eastman back to earth, both literally and figuratively, and the two made their getaway into the blackness of an Arizona night. Eastman's tale, including the hair-stiffening specifics of the pickle he found himself in, goes under the catchy title, "Hanged, But Still Lives."

But before describing as truth what Eastman claimed it was like to nearly die under a creaking mesquite branch at the hands of steel-eyed vigilantes, a few questions about authenticity must be examined.

Eastman's only account of his ordeal was recorded by a newspaper reporter and published more than 35 years after the fact — always an iffy proposition for historians, considering the tricks that memory and age can play.

Another problem is the time period during which the incident was to have occurred. Eastman said he'd headed for the Pacific Coast in the spring of 1851 to join the great California gold rush, and listed his near-hanging as one of the many Western adventures he engaged in thereafter. But he doesn't name a year.

By the sound of it, William Eastman was a gadabout who lived a wild life.

"I was twice made captive by Indians," he said, "but managed to escape the second time, however, receiving wounds that came near making an angel of me, and the scars of which I shall carry to my grave.

"But when I look at the topknots that ornament the

Illustrations by Craig LaRotunda

But if Eastman's hanging never happened, it ranks as one of Arizona's biggest hoaxes, and among the most noteworthy ever perpetrated on *The New York Times*, which published his lengthy story on July 23, 1899. *The Arizona Republican* of Phoenix repeated it some months later, and neither newspaper returned in later issues to say that the muscular and weather-beaten frontiersman with a gray beard had taken them for a long ride.

Eastman was returning from visiting relatives in the east when a *Times* correspondent caught up with him in the reading room of a hotel in Sandusky, Ohio. From a comfortable, high-backed chair, he laid out the fantastic story of what he called "the closest call I ever had."

It happened in Yavapai County, Arizona. Eastman was wandering the West with Robert Wilson, a one-time New York vessel broker he'd befriended in Crook County, Oregon. Wilson typified the troubled vagabond who "lived in his saddle by day and rolled himself up in his blanket at night ... wherever darkness overtook him."

On most days, Wilson was an engaging soul and a fine companion. But some undisclosed family torment weighed on him, and eventually forced him to the bottle for sprees that sometimes lasted two weeks.

"Drink changed his whole nature," Eastman said. "In all my experience among lawless characters in the West, I do not think I ever met one who could compare with Robert Wilson for pure and unadulterated devilishness when he was drunk."

The two men heard of a Skull Valley rancher in need of hands and rode off to seek work. This was probably some time in the early 1860s, when ranching began in that region. Although Eastman didn't mention the rancher's name, he described him as a coarse brute with bushy hair, black, piercing eyes and a sullen expression. Desperation overcame Eastman's instant dislike for his new boss, which proved prophetic.

Two days after their hire, the rancher lashed into Wilson for allowing some cows to wander off. Eastman watched the confrontation, expecting Wilson to explode. He held his volcanic temper, but that night told Eastman that if such a thing happened again, the ranch would see a funeral, and he, Wilson, would supply the corpse.

Just days later, Wilson acquired a bottle of bug juice from some passing prospectors, and in his drunkenness, again allowed cattle to wander off. Eastman knew trouble was coming when he saw the rancher galloping toward Wilson, gesticulating wildly with his heavy whip.

collar of my coat, I always feel a sense of grim satisfaction in the thought that, badly as [they] treated me, I quit a winner three times when the stakes were human life."

The ornaments he mentions weren't ornaments at all: "From the collar of his coat hung three tufts of long, wiry hair that looked like portions of a horse's mane or tail, but were in reality the scalp locks of Indians — trophies of ... valor and bravery."

Would a man said to be in his late 60s or early 70s still wear the grim accessories of a violent youth so many decades later?

Another aspect of his appearance raises eyebrows. He wore a full suit of buckskin. As students of the frontier can attest, it's the uniform of the tale-teller, the man who prefers grinning in front of a city photographer to drinking at a freezing mountain stream. In other words, a fraud.

It would be nice to check other aspects of Eastman's background for a con man's footprints, but his name doesn't register with sources in New York, Chicago or Oregon, places he was known to have spent time. However, that isn't unusual when researching a person with a name being the only hard information available.

"I can remember that I suffered excruciating pains in my neck and back, and my head seemed to be absolutely bursting."

After a few minutes of shouting, the rancher raised the implement to strike Wilson, and almost simultaneously, a pistol shot echoed across the valley. A puff of smoke rose above the boss' horse, and he fell from the saddle.

"He was dead as a doornail when two of the other herders and myself reached him," Eastman recounted. "The instant the shot was fired, Wilson put spurs to his horse and was off like the wind. A couple of the herders gave chase, but he had too much the start of them, and they soon abandoned the pursuit."

In the aftermath of the shooting, Eastman noted scowling stares from some of the other hands, but gave the matter no further thought as he returned to his bunk for the night. He'd been sleeping three hours when several hands, described as half-breed favorites of the dead boss, roused Eastman from a deep sleep. The men gripped his arms and pinned them at his back, stuck a gag in his mouth and a revolver against his temple.

At first, Eastman had no idea what was happening. But his grogginess quickly lifted and he realized that the men planned to wreak vengeance on him for the actions of his partner.

"I felt it was pretty tough to be murdered that way, on account of what Wilson had done ... but there appeared to be no help for it," he told the *Times*. "It was no use to struggle, and no appeal for mercy that I might have been tempted to make, had I not been gagged, would have availed anything ... I just simply made up my mind that there were going to be two funerals on that ranch instead of one, as Wilson had planned."

The unnamed vigilantes tied Eastman's legs at the knees and ankles, carried him from the bunkhouse and tossed him over the back of a horse for the short procession to his expected death.

If Eastman entertained any profound philosophical insights on what it's like to suddenly find yourself with minutes to live, he didn't share them. But the thoughts of others in a similar fix have been preserved in the form of quotes in Territorial newspapers, and they range from defiance at what was about to happen, to tearful contrition, to pleas to the sheriff, lawyers and God, not always in that order.

Mothers rated high in the final thoughts of the condemned, as did prostitutes, which makes it tough to draw any firm conclusions. So does the presence of booze. It was used liberally by the soon-to-be-dead, of course, but also by jelly-legged sheriffs and executioners, many of whom were too weak to even hatchet the rope fastening the trap-door.

In Eastman's case, his lack of recorded final thoughts could be due to the passing of so many years between the incident and his telling the tale. Time might have dulled the epiphanies he surely experienced. Another factor could be the speed at which he was hauled from sleep. He hardly had time to wake up, much less ponder his past.

It's also possible that a man capable of tying decades-old scalps to his jacket simply had become so cozy with death, even his own, that he was weighed down by no particular insights. Hard as it is now to fathom it, the frontier might have made death an ordinary matter.

At any rate, the ride Eastman took to the hanging mesquite was little more than 100 rods. He told the *Times* what happened next:

"One end of the lariat was then fastened around my neck and the other thrown over a limb, and the scoundrels then pulled me up and made the lower end of the lariat fast to the tree.

"I can remember that I suffered excruciating pains in my neck and back, and my head seemed to be absolutely bursting. Then I began to lose consciousness and experienced a sensation of floating. I knew nothing after that until I found myself at the side of a small stream in a thicket, with Wilson bending over me.

"My throat was so sore I could not utter a sound. My eyes seemed to be bursting from their sockets, and my head ached fearfully. Wilson was bathing my face and neck, and when I began realizing a sense of what had happened, he told me that when he dashed across the prairie after shooting the boss, he had a presentiment that harm would come to me.

"He had, thereafter, ridden back to the ranch under cover of darkness, and gone to my hut, found it empty, and, while leaving, had heard voices in the direction of the tree where I was strung up. He lay low until the scoundrels left the scene and then he cut me down."

After Eastman's miraculous return to this realm, the two fled as quickly as their horses could run. The *Times* reported that Wilson later met his end in a more traditional fashion, at least by dime novel standards — he was killed in a pistol duel in south Texas.

But Eastman lived to tell the drama of his hanging. Even with the many questions surrounding the incident, he deserves to be remembered as a man who added a unique and sensational page to Arizona's history of the rope.

Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily...

There are several ways to explore Arizona's beautiful lakes — speedboats, jet skis, Wave Runners. The easygoing approach is in a kayak, which makes its way without commotion, providing a quiet, contemplative conveyance from which to observe nature. On Lake Mohave, that nature usually includes blue herons.

By Lawrence W. Cheek
Photographs by Kerrick James

Julie Smith and Jay Holiday kayak in the clear water of Lake Mohave, one of four major reservoirs along the Colorado River.

A great blue heron (right) protects its nest on the eastern shore of Lake Mohave.

BELOW: A sandy beach on the lake's southern shore makes a great spot for a picnic lunch and a stroll.

OPPOSITE: An arch carved by the Colorado River into a caliche-encrusted island is high enough for Smith and Holiday to paddle through.

FIVE GREAT BLUE HERONS tower over their nests in a wetland of Gooding's willows on the eastern shore of Lake Mohave. We've glided silently under them, four paddlers in three motley kayaks. The morning air is quiet and crisp, the vast lake as still as a millpond. We're trying to merge in spirit with the desert air and water, to be a seamless part of nature.

Despite their majestic bearing, intimidating size and stiletto beaks, herons are skittish, and I've never been able to approach closer than 20 yards before the birds heave themselves into the air, usually with what I can only assume is a hearty heron curse: *ggggrrrracckkk!* This sound cannot be mistaken for "Have a nice day!" So we hang back just outside what seems to be their discomfort zone for a good 20 minutes, watching respectfully and making portraits with long lenses. The birds seem as ancient as stone; their enduring presence makes our 56-year-old artificially created lake seem like a transient whim.

Then the stampede of an 80-horsepower engine shatters the equilibrium. A speedboat rockets over to investigate, and although the driver cuts the motor and tries to drift to the rookery, the birds scatter. But we have our photos and memories — of a frankly magical moment when we were welcomed into an exotic ecosystem as participants, not merely as intruders.

We're spending two days paddling 25 miles of Lake Mohave from a hook-shaped cove named Arizona Bay to Katherine Landing, a boat launch and campground 3 miles north of Davis Dam. The dam, completed in 1953, created the 67-mile-long lake, which is third in line of the four major reservoirs of the Colorado River (lakes Powell, Mead, Mohave and Havasu, moving downstream).

There aren't any other paddlecraft on the big lake; we've been told the all-too-frequent afternoon winds squeezing between the mountain ranges on either side discourage our species. Paddlers tend to haunt the Black Canyon region upstream, just south of Hoover Dam and Lake Mead. But we're optimists. The Arizona shoreline, although it lacks the jaw-dropping sandstone spectacles of Lake Powell, is scalloped with lovely coves and sandy beaches where we can duck the wind and camp. And it's relatively quiet

and remote — none of the spring-break revelry of Lake Havasu, and practically no shoreside development.

At night we see a vaguely ominous glow in the northwestern sky from Las Vegas, 50 miles away, but no other intrusions of civilization. There is only the natural night music of the Mohave Desert — crickets, bats, coyotes, maybe a bobcat.

There are four of us unnatural visitors: photographer Kerrick James, his friends Julie Smith and Jay Holiday, and me. All of us are experienced paddlers, although Kerrick, Julie and Jay have brought open-deck inflatables, which aren't great for rough water. I've rented a sea kayak sized more suitably for Santa Claus than for me. We'd planned to spend three days on the water, but that itinerary got truncated when a rear wheel of Jay's pickup snuggled itself deep into soft sand near Arizona Bay. The two hours we spent digging it out delayed our launch until dark, so we just camped where we were, which turned out to be a fine introduction to Jay, an early-retired computer technician from Santa Cruz, California, who never seemed even slightly bent by the mishap.

"I always think, 'You're going to get out of it one way or another, so in the meantime, why complain?'" he says. He's brought his ukulele, which accompanies a fine repertoire of naughty and satirical campfire songs.

Our first day on the lake is a delight. The water is sapphire satin; the mountains on the horizon are stained tangerine and pink from a lingering sunrise; the creosote-anchored shore dunes are deceptively soft and sensual. I recall John C. Van Dyke's obsession with this landscape's apparent fierceness in his 1901 book *The Desert*, the first appreciative natural history of the Mohave and Sonoran deserts: "There is a war of elements and a struggle for existence going on here that for ferocity is unparalleled elsewhere in nature." The lake, though created by unnatural means, and intrusive though it may be, softens the sharp edges and brutal contrasts that made Van Dyke recoil. Appearances deceive, of course, but the Mohave now seems gentle and welcoming.

A sea kayak slips perfectly into this environment. In fact, it is the nearly perfect watercraft for navigating almost any body of water anywhere. It can slink through wetlands 3 inches deep or surf ocean breakers 6 feet high if the paddler has the requisite skill. I've negotiated 130 miles of the Lower Columbia River, and vastly braver kayakers have crossed the Atlantic. A touring kayak will swallow a week's worth of camping gear and real food — no need to endure a backpacker's skinflint rations on an expedition like this — and the more weight you stuff into it, the more

a sea kayak **slips** *perfectly into this environment. in fact, it is the nearly* **perfect** *watercraft for navigating almost any body of* **water** *anywhere.*

stable the kayak becomes.

Best of all, it makes its way without commotion, providing a quiet, contemplative conveyance from which to observe nature. The paddler morphs into a kind of honorary aquatic mammal, a full-fledged participant in the watery ecosystem around him. Kayaking even enhances the senses. Since the slightest change in weather or water conditions affects kayakers, and the effect is frequently not favorable, paddlers become highly attuned to the subtleties of the environment.

On our last day, we know we're going to have to confront some unsubtle wind. The Hobie Cat sailors we talked with yesterday warned us it could be bad. We're up at 5:30 a.m., well before dawn, and slip our boats into the lake at 7 a.m., as a breeze already rustles the water. Another portent: Aside from a lone houseboat distantly chugging southward along the opposite shore, today we see no other boats on the lake.

But there are diversions to pry our minds from the *what-ifs*. A scattering of river rock "islands," each standing a few hundred feet offshore in protected coves, rise out of the water like ancient Mesopotamian ruins ringed by moats. Several of the caliche-encrusted outcroppings feature eroded arches tall enough for us to paddle through — which of course we do. Kayakers are like goldfish in an aquarium, dutifully nosing through whatever amusements happen to be in front of them.

The serious wind slams us at 9 a.m., two hours ahead of its appointment. It's a headwind, straight out of the south — typical for spring. Our forward progress slows from 3 to 1 mph. Whitecaps start clawing over the bow of Jay and Julie's inflatable. I'm not worried about my fully enclosed sea kayak — as long as it's punching into waves on the perpendicular, the swells could be 6 feet high and wouldn't capsize me. But this is a bad environment for open boats. I ask Jay if he'd like to use the bilge pump strapped on my deck.

"I think so!" he shouts. "My water bottle has just set sail on the floor over here."

By early afternoon the wind is steady at 30 mph and our only choice is to land. A paddler simply can't make any forward progress against this kind of battering. We're about 7 miles short of Katherine Landing, our planned take-out. We're contemplating an unplanned bivouac — at least we have extra food for another night — when a couple of fishermen with a Mercury outboard pull up close to us.

"Tie your boats on," one shouts. "We'll give you a tow."

We're not too proud to accept, although it strikes me as absurdly ironic that after a decade of sea kayaking throughout Washington and British Columbian waters, I've had to come to the Mohave Desert to enjoy my first rescue. The fishermen, Gene and Charles, find us the highlight amusement of their day, as well. Making small talk as we bounce toward the marina, Kerrick asks them about the day's fishing.

"Aw, it wasn't no good," Gene drawls.

"Hell it wasn't," Charles bellows. "Look what's followin' behind. We caught the biggest things on the lake!"

Never mind the embarrassment of the rescue; what became clear to me was that the kayak is not at all an ironic vehicle for exploring North America's driest land, but rather the ideal one. It's silent, unobtrusive and efficient, as desert explorers should be. A paddler making 15 miles a day on Lake Mohave — or anywhere else — will need to possess a certain dogged persistence, as do all survivors in the desert. And the fact that a kayaker travels alone, in a self-contained world of action and thought even when paddling in a group, also suits the desert, classically a place for solitude and contemplation.

So, the perfect mode of travel in the desert: the kayak. Not merely practical, but completely at home in spirit.

when you go

Getting There: From Phoenix, take U.S. Route 93 and Interstate 40 northwest to Kingman. Continue northwest on U.S. 93 approximately 30 miles to Cottonwood Road. Turn left and drive approximately 15 miles to Forest Road 38. Turn right and follow the road 5 miles as it turns into 38A, ending at Arizona Bay.
Vehicle Requirements: Katherine Landing is accessible by two-wheel-drive passenger cars. Cottonwood Road is usually accessible by two-wheel-drive vehicles, but check with the park service for current conditions and use caution when approaching the sandy roads near Arizona Bay.
Fees: $5 per vehicle admission to Lake Mead National Recreation Area, including Lake Mohave.
Weather: Spring and fall are the best seasons for boating. Prevailing winds are from the south in spring, north in fall.
Information: Lake Mead National Recreation Area, 702-293-8906 or nps.gov/lame.

Holiday sings and plays his ukulele by the campfire.

OPPOSITE: Smith and Holiday paddle across Lake Mohave's Half Moon Cove at sunset.

Brushes With Greatness

By Amy Abrams

They're **not** household names like Monet, **Matisse**, **Van Gogh** and **Picasso**, but four early 20th century painters left a mark on Arizona as **indelible** as any wall covered with water lilies. Oh, and by the way, they were all **women**.

In her later years, Kate Thompson Cory lived in Prescott, where she painted landscapes and images of Native American culture. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

With their paints, palettes and plenty of spunk, women artists journeyed to Arizona during the first decades of the 20th century to render the grand landscape and sweeping sky. Undaunted by Arizona's harsh climate and reputation for outlaws and Indians, women artists surprisingly outnumbered male artists during the late Territorial and early statehood periods. No "Sunday afternoon painters," these academically trained women artists came from New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, with serious artistic ambitions.

Arizona offered women artists wide-open spaces to realize their dreams. Canvases ablaze with color, they captured the beauty of a land as boundless as its opportunities for self-discovery. Although roughly a dozen women settlers altered Arizona's early cultural landscape, this story spotlights four who made momentous contributions: Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton, Kate Thompson Cory, Lillian Wilhelm Smith and Jessie Benton Evans. While each settled in Arizona for individual reasons, all left a profound and enduring mark on the developing land.

As a young girl in Uniontown, Ohio, Jessie Benton Evans (1866-1954) was lulled to sleep by her father's bedtime stories of cultural heroes and the splendors of ancient civilizations. Forever thereafter seeking culture and adventure, she studied art at Oberlin College and the Art Institute of Chicago, and married Denver Evans, a wealthy Chicago fruit importer who supported her on cultural excursions throughout Rome, Florence, Verona, Naples and Paris. Adept in French, Spanish, Italian, Greek and German, in addition to English, the bright, beautiful and artistically gifted Jessie traveled gracefully in international art circles and exhibited her paintings in prestigious Paris salons.

While Arizona became the couple's much loved home for over 40 years, Jessie and Denver had discovered their desert paradise in 1912 when seeking only a temporary residence as a warmer climate for Jessie's health. Captivated by the landscape, they purchased a magnificent 40-acre lot on the southeast flank of Camelback Mountain in Phoenix, building an elaborate Italian villa as a home and art studio. Surrounded by tall cypresses, arbors, grottoes, sunken gardens, fountains and a pool, the house was adorned with antiques from abroad.

Evans' paintings of desert scenes filled her art studio. Her canvases, painted *en plein air* and in Impressionist style influenced by excursions abroad, captured the many moods of Arizona. She said, "Everything is here except the sea, but one gets the effect of the sea looking over the vast expanses of desert. The wide spaces give an uplifting feeling of infinity, the eternity of things." (The couple's only child, an architect and contractor, built a commissioned home on the property, which in 1930 became the Jokake Inn, boasting the Rockefellers and Vanderbilts as guests; and in 1944, he constructed the Paradise Inn. Both hotels were eventually sold and the splendid setting would become the property of The Phoenician Resort.) Eager to create a cultural community, she organized art clubs and exhibitions, hosted events, and gave art lectures in schools. "She was a trailblazer who drew artists, authors, actors and musicians from all over the state to salons at her home and ultimately to Jokake Inn," recalls James Ballinger, director of Phoenix Art Museum. "She created an early art scene and was the glue that held it together."

Her great-granddaughter and namesake (also a landscape painter, who as a young girl painted with her great-grandmother, easels side-by-side), recalls, "She promoted the arts in every way she could, yet managed to paint almost every day, always faithful to her motto: 'Rest is rust.'"

Evans' paintings are held in the collections of Phoenix Art Museum and Arizona State University Art Museum; they are not currently on display.

Only one woman ever illustrated novels by famed Western writer Zane Grey: Lillian Wilhelm Smith (1882-1971). A precocious talent, the artist began her studies at New York's Art Student's League, an esteemed school for adults, where gifted teens could apply. Smith qualified at age 12.

Raised on New York's Upper West Side with seven siblings, the artist's family home included a governess, cook, maid and seamstress. Outings to art galleries, museums and the theater were the norm. When her father's business hit hard times and the family's domestic servants were cut back,

Born into New York's high society, artist Lillian Wilhelm Smith (right) traveled West and created illustrations for such notable personalities as William "Buffalo Bill" Cody and Zane Grey.
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA

LEFT: Near her home on Camelback Mountain, Jessie Benton Evans painted *en plein air,* filling her canvases with Sonoran Desert scenes.

Lillian, the eldest, took on much childcare and housework. An adolescent, her diary reveals exasperation (with typical teenage melodrama): "Oh I am burning to shake off all the trammels of conventionality and stand — alone — free and for Art!"

Romance — not hers, but her cousin Lina's — would alter her fate. Zane Grey, soon to be one of the most successful writers of his time, married Lina and settled near New York. When Buffalo Bill Cody's famed Wild West Show came to Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Grey invited Lillian backstage to paint portraits of the show's Sioux and Arapaho actors. The following year, when Grey traveled to Arizona's Rainbow Bridge as inspiration for his novel, *The Rainbow Trail*, he asked her along to create illustrations for the book, certain he could persuade his publisher to buy the artworks — despite the fact that a woman had painted them. Indeed, her paintings of the sacred landscape's sandstone cliffs, canyons and natural bridge would become the striking cover art and illustrations for the novel. Twenty years later, the artist vividly described her experience on Phoenix radio:

"I was initiated into my life in this blessed land by a 400-mile horseback trip, accompanied by a chuck wagon with supplies. We left Flagstaff to penetrate into the shimmering beauty of the Painted Desert region. ... Our dear old guide, Al Doyle, who showed me how to ride like a cowboy so that the long 25 and 30 miles that constituted the day's loping and trotting would not too greatly tire me, showed me to a place at the end of the day where I could paint, and try — and, oh how I tried, sometimes to the point of tears — to interpret the divine beauty of those sunsets."

After traveling to Arizona to illustrate subsequent titles by Grey (*The Border Legion* and *The Last Trail*), the artist settled in Phoenix in 1917. In 1924, she married the love of her life, a wrangler, Jesse Raymond Smith. Author Donna Ashworth wryly describes Smith's life story as a typical Zane Grey tale: "Eastern woman comes to Arizona; discovers a huge fantastic country; marries a noble cowboy; and rides on trails most people only dream of." (In fact, Jesse Smith was a model for Grey's fictional characters Brazos Keene and Pecos Smith.)

Lillian and Jesse's "trails" would take them throughout the state, where she captured in paint the panoramic views of remote locales for which she became known. The couple also operated trading posts, dude ranches and B&Bs from Sedona down to the Mexican border. Of her new life, Smith mused, "It is human nature to be lured into adventure by the unfamiliar and the unknown."

View Lillian Wilhelm Smith's paintings at Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley Street, Prescott, 928-445-3122, sharlot.org; Museum of Northern Arizona, 3101 N. Fort Valley Road, Flagstaff, 928-774-5213, musnaz.org.

Kate Thompson Cory (left) lived and painted on the Hopi Indian Reservation for seven years. As one of the few outsiders permitted on the reservation, her paintings depict the everyday life and culture of the Hopi people. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

OPPOSITE, ABOVE: Scenic Oak Creek Canyon provided inspiration for oil paintings by Arizona artist Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton (far right), co-founder of the Museum of Northern Arizona. PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA

FOLLOWING THE GRITTY, STICKY NEW YORK CITY SUMMER of 1905, Kate Thompson Cory (1861-1958), an academically trained artist and illustrator, headed west for a holiday. On the advice of fellow artist Louis Akin, Cory journeyed to Arizona to join an artists' colony of painters, writers and musicians on the Hopi Indian Reservation. Enchanted by the scenery on a two-day buckboard ride to the pueblo, following a train ride to Canyon Diablo, Cory wrote, "That wonderful group of mountains I now saw, like sapphires, bloomed with opal, pulsing on the horizon."

Yet, upon arrival, she was disappointed, as illustrated by this entry in her diary: "It materialized that Louis' plan did not bring the party to the reservation and thus I became the 'colony.'" Nevertheless, Cory stayed. Remaining on the reservation for seven years, she initially lived in a government village below the mesas before receiving a welcome invitation to reside at the pueblo in a Hopi-owned dwelling in Oraibi (regarded as America's oldest permanent settlement).

Her new home on the top floor of the highest house in the village offered a wonderful view. "You reached it by ladders and little stone steps, and made your peace with the growling dogs on the ascent; but oh! the view ..." wrote Cory of her main living quarters, which had limited space and low ceilings, "head-bumping in some places," she noted.

Honored as one of the few outsiders permitted to view the heart of Hopi life, Cory documented, in both paint and photography, many of the tribe's everyday activities, as well as sacred ceremonies forbidden to most. Her photographs portray an ease and familiarity with her subjects engaging in ordinary activities in everyday clothing. Consisting today of more than 600 photographic negatives, Cory's invaluable collection also includes the only visual record of various Hopi customs no longer practiced.

At age 51, Cory moved to Prescott and returned to painting with a focus on the local landscape. Remaining in Prescott until her death at age 95, she completed many canvases inspired by the land, and continued supporting Native American culture and causes.

Kate Thompson Cory's Arizona landscapes and portraits, as well as her photographs, are exhibited at Smoki Museum, 147 N. Arizona Street, Prescott, 928-445-1230, smokimuseum.org; Sharlot Hall Museum, 415 W. Gurley Street, Prescott, 928-445-3122, sharlot.org.

MARY-RUSSELL FERRELL COLTON (1889-1971) WAS RAISED TO conform to societal standards as a cultured and charming hostess among Philadelphia high society. Possessing natural artistic talent and keen intelligence, she entered Philadelphia School of Design for Women at age 15, graduating with honors.

Yet Colton, of strong and independent spirit, would not devote herself to painting floral-patterned china and embroidering handkerchiefs. With ambitions ahead of her time, she opened an art studio in downtown Philadelphia, obtained commercial work in restoration and illustration, and exhibited her paintings with the Ten Philadelphia Painters — a group of progressive women artists she helped organize. Their acclaimed exhibitions would ultimately travel to major museums and galleries nationwide. She also joined remote camping expeditions, "roughing it" for two consecutive summers in the Selkirk Mountains of British Columbia, where she met Harold Colton, a professor of zoology at the University of Pennsylvania.

A perfect match for her brainpower and enthusiasm for the natural world, he also supported her talent and encouraged her career. Wed in 1912, they went West for an adventurous California honeymoon. A spur-of-the-moment stop in Flagstaff to climb the alluring San Francisco Peaks would determine their destiny and the history of Flagstaff forever.

Mary-Russell, free amid a forest paradise in a flannel shirt and bloomers, sketched sun-dappled pine woodlands and breathtaking canyons. The magical setting would bring Mary-Russell and Harold back for subsequent summers, until they settled in Flagstaff for good in 1926.

As residents, the young couple enjoyed meandering horseback rides beneath towering cottonwoods and cloudless skies, discovering and exploring Native American ruins. Determined to encourage support for the Native American arts and crafts they were drawn to, and to provide a cultural foundation for their adopted town, they ambitiously founded Flagstaff's Museum of Northern Arizona.

Mary-Russell served as curator of art and ethnology, and Harold was the museum's director. Mary-Russell zealously launched the annual Hopi Craftsman Exhibition (which became the pre-eminent Native American arts and crafts show in the nation), and Exhibition of Arizona Artists, as well as assembled museum collections by acquiring and cataloging thousands of Native American artifacts, crafts and works of art. Researching and writing papers and books on the techniques of Hopi craftspeople, she became known as one of the country's leading experts in Native American arts and crafts.

Colton painted more than 100 landscapes of her beloved Arizona by her early 60s, when debilitation from what would likely be diagnosed today as Alzheimer's disease stole her abilities. Ultimately, her continued decline required admission to a Phoenix hospital, where she died in 1971.

See Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton's portrait and many of her paintings at the Museum of Northern Arizona, 3101 N. Fort Valley Road, Flagstaff, 928-774-5213, musnaz.org.

BEAVERHEAD FLAT ROAD

If you're in a hurry to get to Sedona, take the main highway. For a different twist, check out the scenic route through Cornville and Page Springs.

BY SALLY BENFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK BEREZENKO

The most direct road to Sedona from Interstate 17 is State Route 179, but there's another route to Red Rock Country that offers less traffic, far-reaching views and some interesting stops. Robert Frost might have suggested this route.

The 15-mile drive begins on Beaverhead Flat Road — a lonely stretch of paved highway surrounded by Coconino National Forest land — just off State 179, 3 miles north of the I-17 Sedona exit. Check out the road's 360-degree views, which include Verde Valley to the south and the foothills of the Mogollon Rim to the east. In 1864, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Francisco Chaves created an important 130-mile wagon trail through here, following an ancient, well-worn Hopi Indian trading path that stretched from Prescott through the Verde Valley to the Mogollon Rim.

Heading west, Beaverhead Flat Road passes through a gentle saddle as it dips and weaves over rolling high desert grassland dotted with junipers, creosote and yuccas for approximately 6 miles until it meets Cornville Road. Take a right at the intersection to go to Cornville.

This small community sits on the banks of Oak Creek, and it has an interesting history. In 1887, when the townspeople applied for a U.S. post office, they intended to call the spot Cohnville, after the Cohn family who had settled there. But the postmaster general misread the name, granting a post office to Cornville instead.

If you want to enjoy Oak Creek without the crowds, Cornville is the place. Pack a picnic and head to Windmill Park. You can't miss it — it's the only park in town with a working windmill. You can lounge creekside and listen to Oak Creek ripple along its course as cottonwood trees rustle in the breeze.

When it's time to pack up, backtrack to Page Springs Road and turn left. This two-lane, paved highway takes visitors into the heart of Northern Arizona's wine country, where, just a few miles down the road, three wineries — Page Springs Vineyard & Cellars, Oak Creek Vineyards and Javelina Leap Vineyard and Winery — offer vineyard tours and daily wine tastings.

Across the highway from Javelina Leap sits Page Springs Fish Hatchery. It's the state's largest cold-water fish facility, producing more than 700,000 trout per year. Although the hatchery is closed to fishing, you can hike the interpretive nature trail along Oak Creek and visit its holding ponds.

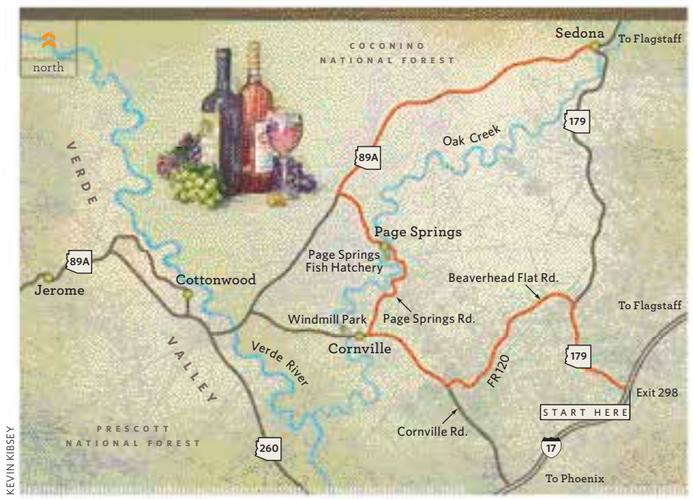
Adjacent to the hatchery, the Audubon Society oversees the Oak Creek Important Bird and Wildlife Viewing Area. More than 100 natural springs feed lower Oak Creek, making its cottonwood-willow riparian corridor a natural habitat for resident and migrating bird species, including belted kingfishers and yellow-billed cuckoos.

From there, the road meanders over rolling hills for a little more than 3 miles, ending at State Route 89A, where red and white bluffs point the way to Sedona — on a road less traveled.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book, *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book ($19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, call 800-543-5432 or visit arizonahighways.com.

LEFT: With the foothills of the Mogollon Rim rising behind them, cyclists head west along Beaverhead Flat Road toward Cornville.

ABOVE: Javelina Leap Vineyard and Winery in Page Springs offers wine tastings and a fine selection of red wines, including a Zinfandel made with the winery's estate-grown grapes.



KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, drive north on Interstate 17 to Sedona Exit 298. Turn left onto State Route 179 and drive 3 miles to Beaverhead Flat Road and go left. Drive approximately 6 miles to Cornville Road, turn right and continue for 4 miles to Windmill Park; then backtrack along Cornville Road to Page Springs Road and turn left (north). Follow the road for 5.5 miles to State Route 89A and turn right (east) to drive to Sedona.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: Accessible to all vehicles.

INFORMATION: Coconino National Forest, 928-282-4119, www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino; or sedona-verde-valley.com.

(511) Travelers in Arizona can visit az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.

hike OF THE month

CANYON LOOP TRAIL

There are plenty of reasons to visit Catalina State Park near Tucson. One of the best is this scenic loop, which offers a healthy dose of Mother Nature.

BY LAUREN PROPER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERRICK JAMES

Nature lovers, take note: Whether you're into bird-watching, horseback riding or just checking out the scenery, the Canyon Loop Trail is right up your alley. Like so many trails in the Santa Catalina Mountains, this one highlights the varying habitats and vegetation of the region. Unlike so many of the others, the Canyon Loop is an option for just about anyone — it's rated "easy," and it lives up to its billing. It's an ideal desert hike, especially if you can work in either a sunrise or sunset.

The trail is located in Catalina State Park, which is on the outskirts of Tucson, just off of Oracle Road (State Route 77). There are eight other trails in the area, so pay attention to the marked posts.

Hiking counterclockwise on the Canyon Loop, begin on the Romero Canyon Trail. After crossing a dry creek, the trail forces you up a short but steep incline. Don't get discouraged, though. Everything beyond this point is easy. If you're feeling a little winded, there's a bench at the top where you can rest your lungs and take in the spectacular views, which include some of the more than 5,000 saguaros in the state park.

From the bench, the trail turns flat and continues straight for about a half-mile. At first, there's not much to look at. Then you see the intermingling of species — barrel cactuses seeking shelter under paloverdes, and ocotillos sprouting up among the shrubs — before reaching the next post. This is where the path bears left to make the loop, and passes the Sutherland Trail.

Moving on, you'll pass another bench before coming to steps lined on both sides by desert spoons, which look more like century plants than utensils. The trail descends to where a cool breeze will welcome you to another dry creek bed. Although water is rarely visible, you'll feel as though it's running right in front of you. And shortly thereafter, it is.

First, a shallow stream trickles slowly by, and then gradually turns into a more legitimate body of water, although it still looks more like Mother Nature accidentally left the faucet on. Keep in mind, these creeks are very different during monsoon season, and there's a good chance you'll get your feet wet.

Everything changes as soon as the moisture recedes. Morning glory vines wrap their benign-looking tentacles around anything they can find, literally strangling the life out of trees and creating canopy-like coverings over their bare brown branches. It looks like Arizona's version of Sleepy Hollow, and you'll forget that the hike started in the desert.

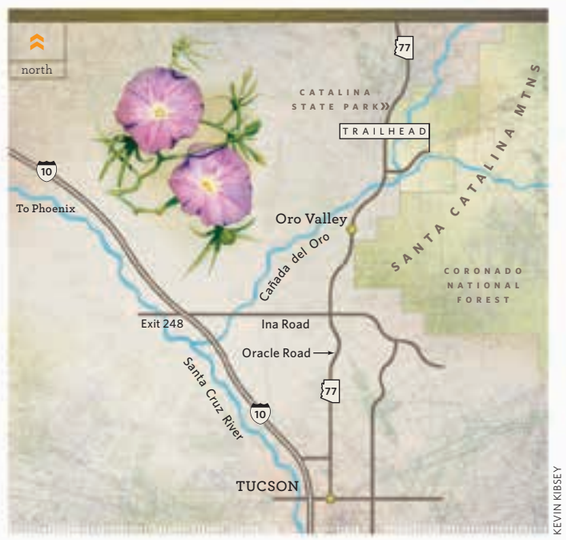
Enjoy it while you can. The air heats up as you cross the last empty creek bed, and the parking lot snaps you back into reality as the trail abruptly comes to an end. This is where the sunset comes in. If you time it just right, you'll catch the sun casting shades of blue and orange and yellow behind the saguaro-covered mountains ahead. It's the perfect ending.

ABOVE AND OPPOSITE: Sutherland Wash flows intermittently along the Canyon Loop Trail near Tucson.

trail guide

LENGTH: 2.3 miles round-trip
DIFFICULTY: Easy
ELEVATION GAIN: 2,650 to 2,700 feet
DIRECTIONS: In Tucson, drive north on Oracle Road (State Route 77) to the entrance of Catalina State Park. Turn right and continue to the ranger station, where you'll need to pay the day-use fee. The trailhead parking lot is .25 miles ahead.
INFORMATION: 520-628-5798 or azstateparks.com/Parks/CATA

LEAVE NO TRACE ETHICS:
- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.



KEVIN KIBSEY

ONLINE For more hikes in Arizona, visit our "Hiking Guide" at arizonahighways.com.

where is this?

By the Horns

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERRICK JAMES

You've been trekking for miles through the searing desert. Above the asphalt, heat ripples the air like the water you wish you had. Suddenly, you behold the parched skull of a longhorn cow, only it's ... 40 feet wide. You remind yourself that dehydration causes hallucinations. Yet this place is real, and by all accounts serves up a mean plate o' nachos. No one seems sure who built it — some Californian, possibly as a set for a 1970s movie? — but as you bite into the specialty burger, you're just grateful it's not a mirage.

February 2009 Answer: Washington Camp. Congratulations to our winner, Adrienne Acoba of Vail, Arizona.

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location featured above and e-mail your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by April 15, 2009. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our June issue and online at arizonahighways.com beginning June 1.